

A. W. Auner, Song Publisher, Philada. Pa.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Song and Dance. Music published by RUSSEL & Co., 126 Tremont St., Boston.

It was on one summer evening,
In the merry month of June,
I beheld a damsel sitting
'Mid flowers' sweet perfume.
She had a novel reading
Just as I was passing by,
And as she turned another page,
I saw the brightest eye.
A bewitching smile was on her face,
As charming as the posies:
I felt the smart of Cupid's dart:
'Twas love among the roses.

CHORUS—Now I hate to tell, but then I must;
Within her heart I place my trust;
She was sitting in the garden,
Where the little butterfly reposes;
And how we met, I'll ne'er forget:
'Twas love among the roses.

I passed her house next evening,
The clock had just struck eight,
And I saw my future happiness:
She was standing by the garden gate,
She smiled as I approached her,
And I begged her to excuse:
May I view those pretty flowers?
She murmured: If you choose.
I spoke about the violets,
Then finally made proposes:
Thro' the garden we walked, of happiness talked,
'Twas love among the roses.

I confess I love Matilda:
Matilda, that's her name:
And there is a charm about her,
Which I never can explain.
She dresses up to fashion,
To her style there is no end,
And, of course, she must look dashing,
For she wears a Grecian Bend.
But she's left her home, and where she's gone,
Most every one supposes:
For, as dear as life is my little wife:
'Twas love among the roses.

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER, CARD & JOB PRINTER,
Philada. Pa.